HOME TOWN HELPS

MODEL HOUSES; SMALL COST

Idea Evolved in New York That Seems to Have Tremendous Possibilities.

Homes that workingmen can purchase at a total cost of 83 cents a day are about to be built in Queens, says the New York Sun. Plans for 150 such buildings have been prepared and for them there are already 600 applicants. The idea is that of Dr. Joseph Caccavajo, a civil engineer and authority on housing problems, who has the co-operation of several of the large industrial concerns recently located in Long Island City. The scheme is not a philanthropic one, but has for its object the making of profits while supplying workingmen with livable homes at low cost.

Doctor Caccavajo, discussing the scheme, said that he proposes to construct two-story brick, stone or hollow tile houses of the type familiarly known as Philadelphia houses, containing six rooms and bath, which the wage earner can purchase on the same basis as though he were paying rent. These houses will be far superior to the best types of England, Belgium

and Germany, where so much thought has been given to the proper housing of the workingmen. Cottages will range in price to meet the incomes of purchasers and it will be possible for workingmen to buy homes for a price as low as 68 cents a day, which with taxes, water and fire insurance, will bring the total cost up to 83 cents.

The only conditions to be exacted are that those purchasing the houses shall be of good moral character; that they have been steadily employed for a period of not less than five years; that their present employers recommend them as men or women who can be depended upon to meet their obligations; that there shall be at least one, and preferably more children to each family and that the general health of the members of the family shall be good.

The first group of buildings will be built in Long Island City, where the growth of industrial plants has created a demand for homes for workers. That group will contain about 150 houses. They will be one family houses with at least three bedrooms, a living room, kitchen and bath. The cheaper houses will be built in rows and the more expensive will be of the semi-detached type, with gardens on three sides.

BEAUTY OF SMALL PARKS

Well for Growing Cities to Make Provision for This Necessity of the Future.

In cities the range of vision seldom ascends beyond the first story of the buildings aligning our streets. It is therefore evident that many people, if confined night and day to commercial centers, would not see even the little smack of nature afforded by a study of or casual look at the sky. We must, then, create natural scenery in the city or at least reproduce nature as far as lies in our power when circumscribed by the demands of traffic and influences, must be forced upon otherwise purely artificial city scenes. This is possible only through small neighborhood parks, street trees and planted parkings, no matter how narrow and ribbon-like the latter may be.

Municipal Art Not Crochet Work.

Raymond Unwin, the greatest of English architect-town planners, hasn't much time for a formerly common conception of civic art. He says:

"So long as art is regarded as a trimming, a species of crochet work to be stitched in ever-increasing quantities to the garments of life, it is vain to expect its true importance to be recognized. Civic art is too often understood to consist of filling our streets with marble fountains, dotting our squares with groups of statuary, twining our lampposts with wriggling acanthus leaves or dolphin's tails, and our buildings with meaningless bunches of fruit and flowers tied up with impossible stone ribbons."

City to Honor Designers.

In order to honor suitably the memory of Frederick Law Olmsted, the elder, and Calvert Vaux, who designed Central park, the New York City club is fostering a movement to erect a monument to them and their work.

Books in Oilcloth.

When packing books line the boxes with table oilcloth. You will preserve the volumes in this way from damage during long journeys or from mold and mildew if left in a damp storage house.—Good Housekeeping.

Influence of Education.

A hen at the Oregon farm school has broken the world's record by laying 99 eggs in 100 days. And still some do not appreciate the value of education in agriculture.—Topeka Journal.

The NATION'S GREATEST FEAST DAY

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's greatest triumphs told.

FILLING FOR THANKSGIVING PIES

THE BIRD OF THE DAY

MAKING FOR THANKSGIVING

TO MAKE HAPPY HEARTS AMONG THE POOR

THANKSVIGING DAY! Personally it conjures up visions of roast turkey and plum pudding and pies and all that go to make it an annual occasion of feasting; historically one sees "pilgrims on a rock-bound coast" and, invariably, it is regarded as about the oldest national holiday of the land! As a matter of fact it is the youngest! Practically every yearly observance of a patriotic nature is more ancient than the celebrating of Thanksgiving day as a regular official ceremony.

It is so customary in America for one person to do the pioneering and another to get the credit that it is no surprise to learn that even the Mayflower band were really not entitled to all the praise as original thanksgivers, which they have been receiving ever since 1620. Not that there is anything disparaging to be uttered about those stern moralists—who seem to have been adepts in loading a cargo of furniture that would tax an ocean liner into a little sailing ship!

They were brave and they deserve the nation's remembrance. But 13 years before they landed at Plymouth a group of future colonists had stood on American soil and given thanks at their deliverance from the perils of the sea. This was on Sunday, August 9, 1607, at the Island of Monhegan and an English minister and a priest jointly conducted a service of thanksgiving. The twin ships, Mary and John, and the fly boat, Gift of God, found their way to the island after a long, terrible voyage of storms and helplessness. They had neither turkey, nor cranberry sauce, but there was never a more genuine Thanksgiving day.

This was along the coast of Maine and yet Massachusetts has, through all the years, been honored among states as the home of the first Thanksgiving service.

Of course the Bay state may be said to have taken the idea and in the words of a capitalist, "developed it and put it on a paying basis." In Massachusetts such a day was set apart for especial services, continued fasting and rigorous giving of thanks almost from the time the Pilgrim Fathers first landed. But, without meaning to be facetious, it is obvious that these common sense folk never believed in giving thanks unless they had something to be thankful for.

Thus, in 1633, 13 years after the landing at Plymouth, the governor of that state officially appointed a day of thanks and another in the year following. But then there was a jump of three years during which the colonists did not celebrate. Why? Certain historians insist it was because they were "lean" years. If so, they must have been followed by three "fat" ones, as the day was observed regularly until 1639. Again an interval of fateful 13 years and then, in 1651, the governor once more declared in favor of Thanksgiving. In 1680 the day was set apart as an annual state holiday and has been ever since.

But only New York adopted the practice of having such a day until well into the eighteenth century! As early as 1644 the Dutch governor of New York issued an official proclamation for a day of thanksgiving, but it was not followed each year—varying probably with the governor's ideas or the conditions of the crops. Like the famous pagan feast of autumn, it originally was meant chiefly as a public offering of prayer in gratitude for the bountiful output of grain and fruits which would see the settlers through the winter.

The other states were being more slowly settled and in Maryland and Virginia there was not so much of a strong religious atmosphere noticeable as a debonnaire enthusiasm for whatever of the good things of life could be had.

The day was observed but not officially. And always, in the south, it was a day of feasting. From the time slavery entered the land the Maryland or Virginia colonist pictured Thanksgiving dinner as a scene of expectant waiting diners and a round grinning black face to the rear of the huge roast turkey on a platter.

About the time of the struggle of '76 it came into its own as a regular holiday and in 1789 was, for the first time, declared a holiday by congress and so observed. So that, really, it is quite a youthful, immature holiday after all!

Gradually, as the free air and broadmindedness of this clime began to leaven the witch-burning dogmas of the Pilgrims, the fasting of the day was tempered by moderate feasting. People ceased partaking in solemn silence of a meal just about the same as that served on Sunday—on which day of the week all early Thanksgiving used to be observed—and had a few friends or relations in to help give proper thanks. This necessitated more elaborate preparations and what the college-bred young man of the household today would term "a bigger feed."

It would not be correct to dine in everyday clothes when guests were present, so elaborate costuming came into vogue for the occasion. Many guests came from a long distance—maidens sitting demurely behind men riders on horseback, or else in clumsy old road-coaches. It was not hospitable to suggest that these return the same day. So started the country house party which still flourishes wherever there is a hostess, a house in the country and a fireplace.

For weeks beforehand preparations for the great day went on. Especially at a place like Mount Vernon did Thanksgiving almost outweigh Christmas in culinary importance—which was as it should be since the host of Mount Vernon signed the first official proclamation making Thanksgiving a holiday. And always the turkey has been its emblem—just as the eagle is of freedom. Like the Indian it is typically American.

Of course with such tempting menus as turkey, roast pig, home-cured hams and mince and pumpkin pies—to say nothing of imported plum pudding—feasting rapidly took the place of abstinence. And it is remarkable that amid all the changes of this vast country during the past 123 years that menu has remained practically unchanged. Everywhere in America on this Thanksgiving day—save in the homes of the poor and the multi-millionaire—turkey and cranberry sauce will have places of importance and be served from the table. The high cost of living debars the city poor from much turkey and the ultra-rich have long since determined that a few thin un-gravied slices of white meat are sufficient to introduce amid the various cosmopolitan dishes of the meal.

Back in revolutionary days no such thought troubled the mistress of the governor's mansion at Albany, the exclusive hostess of Boston, or the chatelaine of a Virginia estate. There was only one proper place for the huge golden-brown, savory and beautiful turkey—and that was the exact middle of whatever end of the table was designated "head." No courses annoyed the guests and irritated eager juveniles. The dinner services had to be extensive and complete. Dinner was served at midday and began with a soup, taken from an immense toureen placed before the hostess. She ladled it out into soup plates, whose depth would astound a fastidious diner of today. All over the broad expanse of white cloth were various dishes and plates and cruets and receptacles for needed seasonings.

Nor were these of a thickness meant to endure rather than charm the eye. Gazing upon a collection of them now at the National Museum at Washington one marvels what magic of housewifery skill ever prevented their breakage. Where is the bride of yesterday who can point today to an intact after-dinner coffee set—much less that sufficient for a dinner party? Yet these are displayed in all the purity of outline and quaintness of a long gone period, bringing very near to the visitor the era of genuine hospitality.

In those revolutionary Thanksgivings there was no time to hastily wash certain dishes and use them over again. Everything had to be where it was in evidence all the time. And one can vividly picture the powdered hair of the grown-ups, the eager faces of the youngsters, the grinning darkies in the south, or cheery white "help" of the north.

At the museum imagination is stimulated by a sight of the very garments and jewels worn at Thanksgiving dinners just about the time the holiday received its christening as a national event. Dainty and suggestive of the beauty of youth is a pale blue ribbed silk empire gown with short puffed sleeves, a cobwebby white hand embroidered kerchief and a plain fall of wide skirt. Near it are the ridiculously little high-heeled white satin shoes, the gay colored fan, immense tortoise shell combs and gold beads and miniature locket worn by the revolutionary maiden.

Looking at her footgear one smiles in reminiscence of the fairy tales of grandmothers who always insist upon the sensibleness of the way THEIR grandmothers dressed. A flaming red cloak, with Red Riding Hood cape, and a beautiful beaded hand bag completed the toilette in which the girl probably rode many miles horseback with her arms clasped tight around the body of a male relative, or, perhaps rested warmly inside one of the lumbering road coaches which the museum contains. From a family long famed in history comes down a rarely beautiful gold engraved snuff box and lace wristlets and handkerchief, which the owner was wont to display on such occasions as that of a stately Thanksgiving. In every detail of china and silver the costumes there is evidenced this suggestion of dignity and caste.

And yet, very gay and festive must have appeared a gathering of well-known folk of the late revolutionary period, when Thanksgiving was sufficiently new as a national holiday to be observed with particular enthusiasm.

A complete full dress costume of a man of affairs of Maryland, displayed behind glass at the museum, reveals the dandyism prevailing. The knee breeches are of corded tan silk, with gem encrusted buckles; the coat, of the same material, is on the frock variety—with many plaits at the back, self-covered buttons and a high turnover collar of the Robespierre style. The gloves, silken hose, three-cornered hat and caped great coat are all delicate of texture and in marked contrast to the somber garb now thought appropriate for wear at a Thanksgiving dinner.

But it was not all "beer and skittles" then! Amid the display of old mahogany table, candelabra, cushioned dining chairs and array of costly old china and glass used on Thanksgiving days at Mount Vernon is the camp outfit of George Washington from which he partook of so many frugal meals.

One distressing winter of the struggle he ate his Thanksgiving dinner "in the field" and it is recorded that he had nothing except the regulation soldierly provender.

His little camp chest still contains the numerous pewter forks and spoons and dishes that served him in lieu of silver and porcelain. Over a fire that could be built in the open one pictures bread being toasted for him on the iron toaster which is still intact. There were bottles of seasonings, such as salt and pepper and a few shallow pewter plates.

If ever one needed faith in order to be thankful it was then, and yet he who issued the first national proclamation of Thanksgiving came through it to leave a visible evidence that not all early Thanksgiving dinners were sumptuous feasts.

At least, though, they were events—not merely annual meals—regarded by the very rich of today as a maudlin tribute to the national spirit and by the very poor as a merciful pause in the starvation of winter.

REVIVING AN OLD DEVICE

Caves of Refuge Have Been an Institution as Long as There Is Historical Record.

Refuge caves are now being proposed as a means of saving life in coal mines. The idea is to have in each mine one or more caves dug out of the solid coal or rock from one of the main passages of the mine. The entrance to the cave from the main passageway would be a long, narrow tunnel with three or four sets of massive doors, so that the cave would be explosion-proof. In times of danger miners would go to this cave and shut themselves in.

A considerable proportion of deaths in coal mine disasters is due to the after-effects of an explosion itself, and often the miners have lived for hours or even days before they suffocated. The caves would serve under similar conditions.

Air would have to be supplied in the caves, and this could be done either by small bore holes to the surface, such as are not uncommon in coal mines, or by pipe lines—built so as to be explosion-proof—running through the mine passages. The cave connected with the surface by a bore hole could be supplied with air freely, and kept in touch with the surface by a telephone, and food could be sent down through the hole.

A cave connected by a conduit through the mine could also have a telephonic communication with the surface, but it would be necessary in this case to keep a quantity of concentrated food and some water stored in the chamber. Supplies of medical first-aid materials and a pulmotor for reviving miners overcome by gases could also be kept in the cave to advantage.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Reason.

"Why are you so fond of going to church?"

"It's so comforting to see one man keep so many women quiet for a whole hour."

BIBLE NAMES DROPPED

LATELY SEEM TO BE OUT OF FAVOR WITH PARENT.

Such Puritanic "Handles" as Ebenezer and Zadok, for Instance, Do Not Seem to Appeal as They Once Did.

A certain set of Christian names taken from the Scriptures have been used so long that we do not think of them as Bible names. Among them are Adam, Moses, Samuel, David, Daniel, Solomon, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Others taken from the saints, like Peter, John, Stephen and Matthew, originally given to children because they were born on the saint's day, are still so common that we think of them as English names.

These names antedate the use of surnames, as may be inferred from the fact that nearly all of them have given rise to patronymics, like Jacobson, Peterson and Stevenson. In the twelfth century missionaries sent out by the authorities used to baptise whole villages at once, and to save time invested all the men with the name of John or some other saint, and the women usually Mary or Martha. To distinguish the Johns some additional name like Short or Strong of White or Black was given him by the neighbors, and so Christian names and surnames were united.

After the reformation it became the fashion among the Puritans to give children the names of characters like the Old Testament, and odd ones like Melchisidek or Barzillai were preferred. Among these were Abel, Levi, Jesse, Amos, Asa, Isaiah, Ephraim, Gideon, Malachi, Abner, Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Zachariah, Asher, Eli, and hundreds of others.

For some reason the use of these names has largely ceased. We can understand why Ebenezer has been dropped, though once one of the most common of names in New England, for it is decidedly unmelodious. No modern girl could fall in love with an Ebenezer. But most of the Puritan Bible names have a strong, manly ring, and have been borne by able men. That they are going out of use is very evident from comparing the early class lists of Yale with later ones. Twenty-five classes in the early eighteenth century, numbering 375 graduates, show 119, with Puritan given names. This is about 30 per cent. Ten classes in the twentieth century, numbering 3,037, show but 25 given names of this class, or less than one per cent. Ebenezer and Barzillai have completely disappeared. Nor is Peletiah or Zadok to be found.

We can only hope that the descendants of these ancient worthies have inherited some of their sterling qualities, though they do not perpetuate the name.

Choose Your Reading Carefully.

Don't trust your reading to something that you can pick up. Have a book of good writing that deals with real topics of knowledge and wisdom. It should be a family law that only the instructive and uplifting things should be read in the home. Reading goes directly into a person's life, making him what it is—empty, frivolous, witless or vain. Of course, one must have some lightness and humor, but these should be the exception. There is nothing that so weakens the mind as this continual joking the everlasting laugh over trivial things. The true rule is to meditate upon what one has read, but what sort of meditation will one get out of a lot of jokes? Reading that doesn't inspire thought of a serious nature would better be omitted. It would be infinitely better if one would lounge about on the grass and the porch and watch the English sparrows than read only what tickles the empty mind.

Women Climb for a Hat.

At the annual reunion of the Welker family, held at the family homestead, near Sharpsburg, Pa., a tree-climbing contest was held among the female descendants of the family.

The prize that spurred the women on to grand efforts was a new fall hat, one of the latest creations in millinery and valued at $25. The winner turned up in Mrs. Meta Welker, who weighs more than 300 pounds.

After several contestants had tried for the dainty piece of millinery, which was placed on an upper limb of a big oak, and failed, Mrs. Welker, who was a great climber at one time, essayed to take a chance.

Carefully working her way up foot by foot, the big woman, who outweighed the other contestants two to one, finally reached the hat and brought it down. She was winded and nearly done up, but she held on to the hat.

Bibulous Judge.

Justice Darling suggests that the saying, "As sober as a judge," originated from the fact that 100 years or so back judges were the only sober people in the country. North of the Tweed, where the saying is also current, judges were certainly not conspicuous for sobriety. Andrew Lang relates that "a great Scottish judge was once compelled to abstain from alcohol for six weeks. He then discovered that for 30 years of a learned and respected and valuable career he had never been for one hour really sober. He had his 'morning' when he rose, his '12 hours' at noon. On the bench he and the other judges solemnly and dutifully absorbed their bottle (say a bottle and a Scots pint) of port. Then he dined and sat over the claret till he titubated to bed. Then he rose, had no tub, and had his morning glass of whisky or brandy, and so on."

Teaching the People.

Caroline Hedger, M. D., of the Kentucky state board of health, says that with the co-operation of the women's clubs of the state, the board will endeavor to educate the people in a number of matters, among them child hygiene and the medical inspection of schools. She says the Sahara is brimming over with water compared to some homes, where the radiator and furnace use up all the moisture until the doctor is sought to remedy the drought of the body.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

GRIM SIGHT AT JONESBORO

Dead Soldier Grasps Gun in Right Hand and Sapling in Other—Killed as He Made Spring.

I was a member of Company I, Fifty-first Ohio, and will mention an incident of the Eighteenth United States that come to my personal knowledge. It was in the flanking movement General Sherman made when before Atlanta in the closing days of August, 1864, writes L. B. Kinsey of Dana, Iowa, in the National Tribune. When sending the Twentieth corps back to the bridge across the Chattahoochee he swung loose with the rest of his army, and, passing to the west of Atlanta, first struck and tore up the railroad leading from East Point to West Point. Then with a left wheel he reached for the Macon railroad, with the Army of the Tennessee on the extreme right. The Fourth corps, to which my regiment belonged, struck the Macon railroad at Rough and Ready Station about the same time the Army of the Tennessee butted up against Jonesboro.

We remained all night at Rough and Ready, passing the night in erecting a small works across the railroad to firmly hold it. The next morning we marched down the track towards Jonesboro, tearing up the railroad, burning the ties and twisting the red-hot rails as Sherman's army well knew how to do. We had left the small earthworks we had built during the night fully manned, and we stepped out lively for Jonesboro with a "Hurry—hurry!" from our officers, or we would be too late to help gobble Hardee, who, we were told, occupied that place.

It was near sundown ere we got into position to make the charge upon the right flank of Hardee, and so late before those on our left were into position that the charge was made without them. The next morning, in going over the ground charged over by the troops farther to our right, and which, by the way, was the ground over which the Eighteenth United States charged, I saw a member of that regiment standing with his gun carried at a trail arms in his right hand and with his left hand grasping a small sapling, which he had evidently grasped to help him spring over the rebel works directly in his front. He had been killed instantly just as he stooped to make the spring, and remained in that position, the butt of his musket on the ground held in his right hand and his left grasping the sapling.

Fell in Action.

They were talking of war, and the young man mentioned that one of his ancestors was killed during the Revolution. "He was a brave man," he said.

The young lady looked pensive.

"I had an uncle who was killed in the Civil war, the very first battle he ever went to," she said. "He was only a private, so he hadn't made a record."

"That was hard," said the young man, "to be shot down in his first engagement."

"He wasn't shot down," said the young woman. "He fell and broke his neck when he was running down hill. I think war is awful cruel, don't you?"

Could Look Up to Him.

Judge Kelly of Pennsylvania, who was one of the committee to advise Lincoln of his nomination, and who was himself a great many feet high, had been eyeing Lincoln's lofty form with a mixture of admiration and possibly jealousy.

This had not escaped Lincoln, and as he shook hands with the judge he inquired: "What is your height?"

"Six feet three. What is yours, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Six feet four."

"Then," said the judge, "Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man, for years my heart has been aching for a president that I could look up to, and I've at last found him."

A Taking Person.

"Yes, I was at the battle," said the talkative stranger.

"Tell us something about it."

"Well, the first day I took two prisoners—rebel officers."

"Gee!"

"Yes; and the next day I took eight men."

"Well, well! Anything else?"

"Sure. The day before we quit I took a lot of transport wagons and followed that up by taking a big gun unaided."

"Say, my friend," said one of his auditors, "what are you, anyhow?"

"Oh, I am one of Brady's photographers."

Taste for Books.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail to make a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books.—John F. W. Herschel.

Always Obliging.

"Don't you use a great many canned vegetables?" asked the new guest, diffidently.

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel, "just as a matter of accommodation. The summer boarders need the tin cans to carry fishin' worms in."

The Likeness.

"That grouchy man reminds me of my dog."

"In what way?"

"He growls at everybody as soon as he finds he has a bone to pick."